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THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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Hoover says:—

"Do not limit your supply of milk or table butter, but consume it all"



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Nifty Jim

Nifty Jim, they called him—and they were quite right. At the time when he breezed into the town, sporting a dress suit, silk hat, gloves, and cane he created a tremendous sensation, furnishing a lively topic of conversation for the fireside critics of the village.

Many and varied were the stories about him. So hot did one of the arguments concerning the new arrival become, that old Seth Wilson, a chronic sufferer from rheumatism, had to be restrained from poking his chubby fist into the jaw of Cy Jenkins, his next-door neighbor and lifelong friend. And all this because Cy Jenkins had called the newcomer a four-flusher, while Seth maintained that "thet thar young feller was a big gun and likely to become county jedge yet," and he casually brought in the fact that "the smart young feller had paid him mighty well jest fer haulin' his belongin's up to the Bill Hatch place where he's stayin'."

And now, though barely two months had elapsed since Nifty Jim first disturbed the peace of the community by poking his head into the village of Horton, he was firmly established in the hearts of the villagers. No more did Ned Bingham's general store (we say general because, as old Ned often proudly remarked, "he sold everything from needles to lawn mowers and allus hed a barr'l of the best cider on tap fer ter quench the thirst of his reg'lar customers") resound with the "by gums" and other heated exclamations concerning the origin and purposes of Nifty Jim. The fact was well known and undisputed that that gentleman was a retired banker who had made his haul in the city and was to live in Horton as a man of leisure. And if anything more were needed to strengthen this opinion, hadn't he just bought a racehorse, such as had never before been seen in Horton?

But anyway, who could have any misgivings about a man who would treat a Saturday evening store crowd to ten-cent cigars, and this on his first meeting with them?

And again, on his daily drives about the village he never lacked a companion.

"Hello, there, friend," he would call out in the most patronizing manner as he came up with a fellow-townsman. "Jump in and see what you think of my horse. Here, have a smoke," holding out a bunch of cigars. "Paid fifteen hundred for her and a bargain at that. Took first prize at the Upton Show last year, and she's improved a whole lot since."

Then the conversation somehow always drifted to financial affairs, and while his companion listened in open-mouthed amazement, he would casually tell about some hauls he had made in the stock market.

"Ye-e-s," he would drawl, as he skilfully blew a series of rings about his head, "I've

played the stocks for fifteen years and never lost once. It sure is a great game. But," and he would assume a confidential air at this point, "it's all in getting the tip."

Then, edging closer, and speaking in a whisper, "Don't mention this to a soul, if I tell you something on the side. The Waco Oil is the coming thing. I've got two hundred shares of it. It's selling for forty dollars, 'way below par. And I'll guarantee that in six months' time it'll be worth two hundred." This last uttered in the most reassuring and convincing tones.

Then, observing that he had made a good impression, he would continue in this strain until his companion's destination was reached.

"So long, old boy. Come up to the house some day and we'll talk this thing over. And remember, don't mention this to anyone." This was invariably his parting remark.

Two facts were to be noted during the next few weeks in Horton. Callers became frequent at Nifty Jim's, and fifteen thousand dollars was withdrawn from the First National Bank of Horton.

Six months after his arrival in town Nifty Jim, silk hat, dress suit, gloves, cane and all, departed from Horton. "Going to the city for a short stay on business," he said.

One morning, two weeks after Nifty Jim had kicked the dust of Horton from his shoes, the usual morning crowd was gathered in Bingham's store, listening to old Ned as, in sonorous tones, he read aloud the day's news.

"Americans raid German trenches," he announced, as he glanced at the headlines. This brought murmurs of approval from the listeners.

"Big swindle discovered in New York City. Stock company had agents at work throughout country. Waco Oil a fake." The reader's face went white, his voice quivered, and the paper fell from his hands.

"My Lord, an' I had five hundred dollars in it," he gasped.

"And I had a thousand," put in Seth Wilson, despairingly.

"An' I had three hundred," whimpered another.

The voices of the others were smothered in groans and sighs.

Needless to say, Nifty Jim's business trip was a decidedly prolonged one—in fact, indefinitely so.

Moral—Many a bad egg has a perfect shell.

JOSEPH B. SULLIVAN, 1918.

Only a Tomcat Between us and Sixty Thousand Dollars

In June, 1906, Mose Hicks, Tom Swain and I left New York to do a job in Acton, New Hampshire.

We felt quite confident that we could do a good job and get away with it, because we three made a good team. Mose aimed to be a professional safe-cracker and at this time had several good jobs to his credit. Tom Swain had a record as a counterfeiter. About myself I will say nothing, except that I thought I was as good as the others.

We reached the town late in the afternoon and immediately went to work. Tom and I went down town to the bank and waited across the street until we saw the cashier come out and lock the door. Then we hurried across and asked him to change a hundred dollar bill for us. He was easily persuaded and as he went back into the bank, he took the keys from the door and placed them on the counter. While he was busy at the safe I got a fine wax impression of the key to the bank door. We also looked around some while we were there and got a good idea of how things lay.

We went back to the hotel and found Mose, who had been looking the town over to see how the streets lay, in case we wanted to depart in our Ford in a hurry. That night we sat up late, making a duplicate key to the bank door, and also laying plans for robbing the bank.

On the night appointed, at one o'clock in the morning, Tom took his station outside the bank, to watch for trouble and be ready to

give the alarm if need be, while Mose and I did the job. We had no trouble in getting in, for the key worked perfectly. We darkened the windows in the room by covering them with black cloth, lit our dark lanterns, went to the safe, and set to work putting up our jacks on the safe door. After drilling a slot in the door under the combination lock, we managed to jack the door open and found the burglar box in the bottom of the safe. We set to work on the box by drilling a hole in one end of it, and were just about to blow in the powder when Tom gave the signal to be careful and look out. We ducked to the door and found Tom waiting for us and he told us that there had been someone watching him from a nearby window.

When we heard this, we began to get cold feet and Mose thought it best to quit immediately, but I was determined to make further investigation. I sneaked along and finally got a good view of the watcher and found it to be a large tomcat sitting on a window-ledge quietly lapping himself.

I returned to my pals and jollied Tom for not being able to tell the difference between a tomcat and a man. Tom would hardly believe me, but I finally persuaded him that it was the truth. Mose began to get back some of his nerve and I decided to finish the job but when I asked Mose for the powder to blow it up with, he told me he had scattered it on the grass for fear that it would be found on him if he was arrested. When I heard this, I told him he had done well to keep his courage as well as he had, and that he had a h—— of a lot more nerve than most safe crackers.

The only thing we could do now was to get our tools and get out of town as soon as possible, because we did not have any extra powder. We got the tools and carried them to where the Ford was waiting for us down on the next street. Tom wanted to leave Mose in the lurch but I finally persuaded him to let him come with us.

We started right for Boston and got there early in the afternoon, and that night we read an account in the Boston American of an attempt made by burglars to rob the Savings Bank of Acton. The only thing they omitted in the report was the fact that it was only a lonesome, homeless, tomcat that saved the town of Acton sixty thousand dollars.

CHARLES H. SUTTON, '18.

To a Friend

As I sit in the kitchen this evening,
My thoughts begin to wander
As I think of many days gone by
And on them dream and ponder.

Once again I am camping
With my dear chum, Joe,
And, with the other campers,
We try the songs we know.

A mandolin is kept a-picking,
By one who knows the art,
And as familiar chords leap out,
We sing our favorite part.

Then, while the dying embers
Crack and burn their last,
We break up the happy gathering
To dream of a day that is past.

But that is just a memory now
For Chum Joe is far away,
Gone, with our "over-seas" battalions
To keep the foe at bay.

We never know how dear friends are,
Until they're far away,
And we recall with memory clear,
Some happy bygone day.

L. R., '18.

Bashful Mike

"Say, why don't you two get married and be done with it?"

The mistress, upon entering her kitchen,

spoke thus to the cook and her friend, "an officer o' the law," whose name was Michael O'Rourke, and who, as the name implies, was a "son of the Old Sod." Mike was a jolly, good-natured, kind-hearted fellow, a strong and brave "polacemen,"—but when it came to the female question, he was as bashful as he was Irish.

When he heard the hint given by the mistress, his face flushed—but how to make good this hint was something that puzzled him.

Three years before, Molly and Mike had become acquainted while coming over on the same boat, and as a result had become strong friends.

Three years! Hence the gentle hint from the "missus."

Upon his arrival, Mike obtained a job as officer of the law, because that seemed to be the greatest favorite of the Celts. To be a little more exact, the chief products of Ireland are, potatoes, patriots and policemen. Moreover, Mike, not unlike most policemen, was in love with a cook.

During those three years with Molly, try as he might, he could not get up enough courage to ask the big question. He could face the worst criminal, but ask Molly to be his life-partner? No, he could not face that proposition. Molly was waiting patiently for the great moment when she would give her answer.

One afternoon, while off duty, Mike called on Molly. The hours swiftly flew, and she was thinking that the great day would never come, when Mike broke the silence by saying: "Oh, Molly, me darlin', I forgot to tell you about the polacemen's ball tonight. Each of us cops must bring a partner."

"And who'll be yours?" asked Molly.

"Molly, dear, will you be mine?"

Here at last was the opportunity—and she took it.

Sweetly smiling, she replied, "Sure, Mike, I will—but this is s-so s-s-sudden."

What the Sphinx Says

We all are born to fill a place,
They tell me, here below;
Not all can sing, not all can preach,
Not all can use a hoe.

Then we should strive to find the place
That we are here to fill,
And when we find there's work to do,
Let's do it with a will.

To fit square pegs into round holes
Some strive with all their might,
But though they try from morn 'till dark,
Believe me, 'tis not right.

While some can do no end of things,
To me it really looks
That he who's born a carpenter
Can never write good books.

And true of many hundred more
This same would seem to be;
The man that's born a plumber
Can not write poetry.

C. H. S., '18.

Three Sides to One Story

Wearily, Johnny Mulligan climbed the back steps and entered the kitchen. His mother, bending over the wash tub, looked up in surprise.

"To be sure, and what brung ye hoame so airly?" she demanded, taking in everything from swollen eyes to the large envelope Johnny held in his hand.

"Gimme that envelope! I'll bet yi've ben up to somethin'." So saying, she opened the letter and slowly read the contents, while Johnny stood by carefully taking it in.

Mrs. Patrick T. Mulligan,
Dear Madam:—

This is to notify you that your son Jonathan Labounty Mulligan, has this day disobeyed the rules and regulations of our school,

and is hereby suspended until further notice.

Jonathan was found eating a large pickle in school, and also forced part of said pickle down James Magee's back.

We were obliged to give Jonathan a severe strapping and we sincerely hope you will improve the opportunity.

Yours respectfully,

Maria Ann Tucker.

"Well," demanded his mother, arms akimbo, surveying Johnny with wrathful eyes, "this is the way you're a doin' of yer lessons, while I'm wearin' of myself to skin an' bone trying to pervide for ye an eddycation!"

Johnny took in his mother's still ample form, and then blurted out, snivling weakly,

"Aw, gee! I always get the blame fer somethin' what ain't my fault."

"Now you ain't a goin' ter tell me it ain't yer fault," began his mother, shaking her finger at him.

"Well," said Johnny, furtively digging his fists into his eyes, "course it ain't my fault. I was just a keepin' of it fer Tony Loosey 'cause he was afraid somebuddy would swipe it an' —an' I was jest holdin' it up to put some more paper on an'—'cause it was a leakin' an' —an' a couple o' drops went down Jimmy's back, an' gosh! I couldn't help it. Jimmy yelled and turned around quick an' thought it was the pickle, an' an' the teacher pulled me outa my seat 'fore I could say nothin."

Here Johnny's woes became too much for him and he wept copiously.

"An' they gave ye a lickin' jest fer that, when you was a-holdin' the other boy's pickle an' all," said his mother, her wrath vanishing at Johnny's tears. "You come right here to me, dearie, an' I'll write ter that teacher an' give her a piece o' my mind! Jest you wait! I got a nice piece o' apple pie fer you this minit, yer poor little sufferin' critter!"

So saying, Mrs. Mulligan swept Johnny into her lap, and laying his head on his mother's shoulder, Johnny grinned discreetly, while his body shook with sobs (?)

. . . . . .

That evening Johnny was mowing the lawn, when he heard his name mentioned by his mother, who was talking to her next-door neighbor. He stopped to fix the lawn-mower, incidentally keeping his ears open to the world about him.

"Yes, sir! An' she dragged him out o' the room an' all the girls cryin' and the boys yellin' fer her to sthop. But she dragged him out an' beat him 'till he was black and blue.

"Why? Oh! ain't I told you? Well, you see Tony Loosey was a gonna carry some things home to his little sister, an' that big sufferin' Harry Marriot was fer stealin' of thim. Tony was scared, so my Johnny said he would keep 'em fer him. Everybody's afraid o' my Johnny. An' she saw the bag o' candy and charged my Johnny with eatin' it in school! I'm gonna give her a piece o' my mind. Just you wait!"

After his mother went into the house, Johnny rolled down the banking in convulsions of laughter.

"Oh golly!" he gasped, "that's the best yet."

Doris Bliss, 20.

The Accusation of Callipatira

It was the twilight of a May day, 776 B.C., in the sunny isle of Ceos. An old man lay watching a dark-haired boy, as he played with a dog on the grass.

"My son, I would speak with thee," said the old man.

Instantly the boy stopped his play and arose, answering, "Yes, father." He was a strong lad, who showed every evidence of athletic training.

His father spoke again. "Call thy mother, Alpheus, for she, too, must hear my last wishes."

Alpheus ran to the yellow clay house calling his mother, who presently appeared. She had always reminded the boy of a perfect bunch of grapes purpling upon a vine far above the reach of harmful hands. Her beautiful black hair, falling to her waist, was unrestrained

except by a thin band of beaten silver fitting closely to her well-shaped head. Her deep blue eyes concealed a fire like the reflection of the setting sun on some hidden, azure, mountain pool.

She went to her husband with a free, graceful step, and knelt beside him, taking one of his thin white hands in hers.

"Thou lookest more like my daughter than my wife, Callipatira. Perchance I did wrong to take thee when so young, from thy father's house of luxury, to become the wife of the athlete, Callanax," her husband sorrowfully remarked.

"Nay, my husband, I am content to be with thee," Callipatira replied.

Tenderly he placed his hand on her head and began to speak. "'Tis about our son, Alpheus, that I would speak. It has been thy desire, as well as mine, that he should win the crown of laurels at the Olympian Games. I have spent my time for many years in his preparation. He is now ready to try his skill, but, alas! I am not able to go with him, and I fear for him to go alone."

"Fear not, my husband," said the wife. "He shall try his strength in the race. I would that I might go to Olympia with him myself."

"Thy blessing, father," cried Alpheus, with tears in his eyes, as he knelt before his sire.

"May almighty Zeus, the father of gods and of men, keep thee and bring thee a victor to thy native shore," petitioned the father, in a trembling voice. His hands dropped to his side, while his eyes sought the tear-dimmed ones of his ever-faithful wife in one last glance of affection, and then closed in a dreamless sleep.

. . . . . .

Two weary travelers sighed with relief, as the little town of Sepreum came into view. The first was a young boy with dark hair and a smile upon his lips. The other, more delicate and graceful with short, black hair and dark blue eyes, was evidently a teacher of gymnastics. It was July, and the road had been hot and rough.

The boy spoke first, "Calliphon, I would that thou wouldst remain in Sepreme until after the Games for I fear for thy safety."

"Nay, Alpheus," his companion replied in a low voice, "I did not leave Ceos that I might stay in Sepreum, but to accompany thee to Olympia. Fear not for my safety."

The boy spoke again. "Thinkest thou that I am able to compete with the training which I have received from my father."

"I doubt not that thy father has prepared thee well, and the month's practice in the great gymnasium at Olympia will perfect thee," assured Calliphon.

"Oh, Olympia, I will be within thy gates of promise on the morrow. May Zeus aid me!" cried Alpheus passionately.

"Yes," repeated his companion, "may Zeus aid thee!"

. . . . . .

It was August before Alpheus had secured a place in the great contest, which was to be held the next day.

Twilight found Calliphon kneeling before the altar in the Herion and looking up into the calm face of the bronze statue of Hera. An agonized prayer escaped from Calliphon's white lips. "Greatest Hera, before whom all Ceos bows, hear me in my distress, and crown Alpheus with the laurel, for his father's sake."

Tears came to the blue eyes, and turning quickly, Calliphon hurried away from the temple.

. . . . . .

The great stadium was already occupied by a howling mob of spectators, while more sought frantically for standing room. Each group wildly cheered its especial favorite, as he appeared among the competitors. A little apart from the rest stood Alpheus and Calliphon. The month of arduous practice had accomplished much for the country lad, who stood with flashing eyes awaiting the signal.

The voice of the multitude was hushed as the chosen herald advanced and began to read, "All women, save the priestesses, to whom seats are assigned, are in every way excluded from these, the Olympic Games. Any viola-

tion of this decree is punishable by instant death."

The herald then gave the signal for the competitors in the first race to stand ready. These comprised not only the youth and strength, but also the hope of the great Greek nation. How beautiful they were as they stood with tense muscles like figures cast in bronze. Slowly the richly clad herald raised the trumpet to his lips, and blew a prolonged, shrill blast, which caused the Olympic hills to echo. Calliphon could not repress a slight shudder as Alpheus was rendered invisible for a moment by the cloud of dust, which enveloped the runners. Defeat or victory might be accomplished in that dreadful instant. Calliphon turned deadly pale, and clung to the wall for support. A cry arose from the astonished lips of the populace, for Alpheus, with speed only to be gained by years of training, had won.

Ignoring congratulations and words of praise, Alpheus returned silently but proudly to Calliphon. The light of victory burned in his eyes, and lent color to his bronzed cheek; but he had yet to run with the victors of the following races.

At last, the four victors stood ready for the signal, each with the surety of his previous success and years of practice. Alpheus turned his eyes to Calliphon, who smiled bravely back.

Out rang the signal. Each athlete sprang forward in a single bound. Alpheus saw before him the powerful form of his rival. Unnerving doubts arose in his mind. Could he win against such odds? One was already ahead and another was about to pass. Then above the taunting cries of the mob he heard the calm voice say, "Nay, Alpheus, I did not leave Ceos that I might remain in Sepreum, but to accompany thee to Olympia," and again he saw the smile in the brave, blue eyes. "I will win," he whispered between clenched teeth, "for I must." The next few seconds passed like a dream. He sped by his rival as the eagle overtakes the sparrow in his flight, and with one last breathless bound reached the goal, the victor at last.

The spectators crowded down to congratulate the victor, but Calliphon rushed to him, and pushing them aside, cried, "My son, thou art victorious, Hera be praised."

"Mother!" the happy boy cried, as he clasped her in his dusty arms.

"A woman!" the mob whispered.

"Yes, I am Callipatira of Ceos, the mother of the victor," she joyfully declared.

. . . . . .

The procession wound slowly up the hill, Kronos. Callipatira walked with a proud and stately step, for by her side was Alpheus wearing the crown of laurel.

The court assembled and the accusation was made by the herald. "Callipatira of Ceos is accused of appearing at the Olympic Games, as a teacher of gymnastics, with her son, who is the victor."

The judge arose, and in a deep tone said, "Callipatira, what have you to say which in any way may mitigate your just punishment?"

Callipatira arose and in clear, firm voice said, "I wish to say that I am not guilty of purposely disobeying thy laws, or of a malicious desire to do what no woman except a priestess, has done before, or of a vulgar curiosity. Of these evils I am not guilty. Rather, I am guilty of a great love for Alpheus, my son, who, Hera be praised, has been made so exalted among thee. Again, I am guilty of a deathless love for my dead husband, Callianax, whom you have all seen, or of whom you have all heard. Of a great love for both of these I am doubtless guilty. Let, then, my condemnation read thus: "Callipatira of Ceos is accused of the love of a mother for her son, Alpheus, and of the unfailing affection of a wife for her dead husband, Callianax, or in short, of being a woman. Under this indictment I will die, for it is a true and right accusation."

With unsteady hand and trembling voice, the judge arose and proclaimed, "This woman is not guilty of the accusation with

which she is charged, and for her own accusation, Zeus be praised, there is no penalty."

P. KEYES, '20.

Brains—and Other Things

"Yes, Tom, it takes brains to make a social call. About three weeks ago, I accepted an invitation to call on Dot Chandler. I hadn't been to the house before, but I had directions enough to fill a book. Yup, I followed them all right, bounced up the steps and rang the bell at exactly eight o'clock—then, I discovered a neat little nameplate to this effect—James B. Winter, attorney-at-law. It was Winter, all right, and my spine was decidedly cool. Just then a young lady opened the door. "Be graceful, young man, be graceful," I thought; then, making a short but beautiful bow, "Good evening, is Mr. Thompson at home?"

"Yes, won't you step in a moment, and I'll call him; he is upstairs in his den."

I stepped in all right and took a chair. I know I removed my hat because I sat on it. If the chair hadn't been just where it was, they'd have found me in the cellar. But—"Brains, young man, use your brains. Sell him something he doesn't want."

Well, he is a lawyer. Might buy stationery—can't sell that. Books—he might buy those, too. I've got it, he must have a car for I saw the garage as I came up the steps. He won't be likely to buy another, so I'll sell him one like I saw on exhibition at the Modern Garage. Then, just as I removed the carnation from my buttonhole, Mr. Thompson stepped in.

Well, I started in to sell him a Buick, and by the great horn-spoon, if it wasn't my luck to have him want to buy one. His friend, Mr. Winter, had one and he had contemplated buying for some time. Would I explain and describe said car? Well, I read the auto advertisements in the paper and so that part was easy. Streamline body, Brewster green, deep upholstery, etc. Then came the engine. I couldn't begin so I said, "Now, Mr. Thompson, if I rattled off a technical description of that engine you, perhaps, wouldn't understand it, so just ask any questions you wish and I'll try to answer them so that you will understand."

Then I twitched my tie and made the most expressive and equally short prayer of my existence, that he would know less about engines than I did. Mr. Thompson woke me up.

"Er—is the engine air or water cooled?"

I didn't know, but I answered, "Water."

Then he wanted to know how it worked. Gee! I'd make a great mechanic. I got the cold water through the engine, had the engine all cooled and then—then I couldn't get rid of that hot water, except by a tube to the street, and I have never seen such a contrivance on any automobile. And to think he believed every word, too.

"Mr. Thompson, I have deceived you and I am not a salesman." Thus I began and told him the whole story of how it happened, told him the truth—and the old skinflint (I've since changed my opinion) wouldn't believe me.

"Yes, sir, we will let the proper authorities find the right address for you," he frowned. Then he called up the police.

In the next five minutes I used more forms of argument than Burke ever heard of, but some things are impossible. Mr. Thompson was one. We, or rather I, was still debating when an auto stopped at the door. My heart didn't drop, it could go no lower. The bell rang and Mr. Thompson answered it.

"Come right in and take care of this man," he commanded.

I looked up to see a man in uniform. On his cap I read "Taxi 1321." Then Mr. Thompson (that kind old man) said, "Charley, this man is sick, touch of love, I guess, and can't tell Glenview Road from Fair View Road, but he wants to go over to Chandler's. Now you take him there, you know the house."

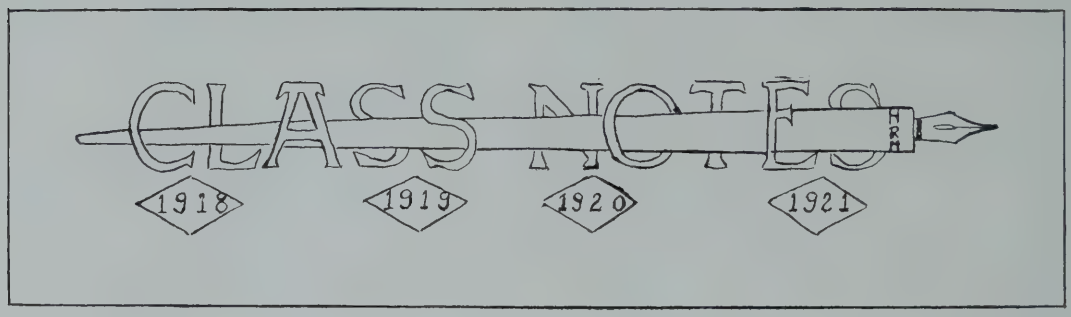
Then he turned to me and grinned. "I've enjoyed this evening very much, more than you have, I believe. Now it's your turn, goodnight."

So I bade him goodnight and went on my way rejoicing.

So take my advice, Tom, don't try to be graceful; just tell the truth."

A. Morris, '18





Class of 1918

President .....Albert Morris
Vice-President .....Florence Emery
Secretary .....Ida Halberts
Treasurer .....Lester Richwagen

On entering school last September we felt, as all previous Seniors have felt, that we must get to work immediately and assume the responsibilities of our final year. The first business transacted by our class was the election of officers, whose names are stated above. Our next meeting was held to elect Staff Members, and then we made plans for our first Senior Party.

The party was held on January 25. The hall was tastefully decorated in red and white, and the stage was made very attractive by the addition of palms. By quarter past eight everyone was ready to trip the light fantistic. Extremely good music was furnished by Fandel's Banjo Orchestra. At eleven o'clock Mr. Merry put in an appearance and we immediately knew that it was time to depart. It is gone but not forgotten.

After our dance we settled down for a while, but were soon on the go again, as it was necessary that we have a benefit dance for the Advocate. The boys took this matter on their shoulders and saw it through successfully.

One day Mr. Merry suggested that all classes ought to have a turn at entertaining on Friday mornings, so of course it was up to the Seniors to start. This idea has been carried through successfully by all classes, and has been the cause of many class meetings to deliberate on "What shall we do next?"

In the athletics of the school we have been represented by Raymond Blades, Fredrick Whetton, and Everett Learnard, who at the close of the season received their letters.

We are proud to say that our class was the first to secure full membership in the Needham High School Red Cross, and that many of our class members have taken an active part in the various branches of the work. We also wish to add that the Red Cross has furnished some very enjoyable dances.

In closing, the Class of 1918 bids farewell to all with the hope that the Seniors-to-be will not only improve upon our record, but will help the underclasses to improve theirs. Words cannot express our indebtedness to the teachers who have been our inspiration, guide, and help during our high school days, but we would let them know that the Class of 1918 appreciates—and remembers.

Class of 1919

President .....Alfred Rooney
Vice-President .....Mabel Richardson
Secretary .....Florence Gordon
Treasurer .....Laurence Eaton

The first business of the year was, of course, the election of class officers. The result of which may be seen above. This was carried on in a more dignified fashion than formerly.

As we had chosen our class colors the year before, after many arguments, it was not

necessary to go through the painful operation again this year, although a few of our number made serious objection to keeping the same colors.

The next thing on the program of the year was the selection of class rings, for we decided that even though it is war time we must have them. This terrible ordeal took several weeks, which lengthened into months. The committee chose the best-looking rings according to their ideas, and presented them to the class for approval. Half of the class liked one ring and the other half another. But, finally, through much private pleading and persuading, a final vote was taken and the order sent in.

The most important event of the year, by far, in the form of the Junior Class Party, took place February 8. It was said that the decorations were not elaborate. Perhaps not, but these are war times, which accounts for all things. However, the cozy corners were decorated with red, white and blue streamers. One corner was reserved for the patronesses who were, Mrs. Alger Eaton, Mrs. Edward Eichler, Mrs. George Holt, and Mrs. A. W. Gordon. The other corner, the headquarters of the punch bowl, had many visitors.

We had a three-piece orchestra and (owing to the shortage of fuel) we had many moonlight dances. On the whole this was a very successful affair.

1919 was well represented in athletic this year. In football we furnished Rooney, Preskenis, Eaton, Latham, Hunt, Faust, Bowmar, and Holt; and in baseball, Eichler, Eaton, Rooney and Latham.

We expect to graduate into the most perfect and dignified set of Seniors ever seen in Needham High. Watch us!

Class of 1920

President .....Kenneth Salman
Vice-President .....Mildred Smith
Secretary .....Dorothea Ryan
Treasurer .....Edmund Fitzgerald

The Class of 1920 in all the glory of sophomore dignity assembled on September 4 in room 1, and then we watched the pigmy freshmen climb, as we had climbed, the first flight to knowledge. We had lost a few members, but we still outranked the Juniors and Seniors, and we have maintained this high standing in quantity, and in quality as well.

At our first meeting the class officers were chosen. In a later meeting we voted to have a class treasury, and pay monthly dues of ten cents per member.

Three of our members have been unfortunate in having had severe illness. Flowers from the class reminded them that they were missed. We were glad to have Mae Leary and Murdoch with us again, and our deepest sympathy goes out to Rooney.

We were represented on the football team by Booth, McDonald, Murdoch, and Fitzgerold; in baseball, by Hammersley, Cronin, Booth and McDonald.

The one sophomore social event of the year was a sleighing party on January 24, with Miss Bernau, Miss Elson and Miss Merrill as chaperones. This party was uneventful, save for the loss of a few rubbers and scarfs, but withal very delightful.

When it came our turn to give a Student Council Entertainment, we congratulated ourselves upon having such high grade artists in our class. Perry's cornet solos, and Bailey's readings from Robert Service were especially good numbers. We trust that the Junior Vaudeville Sextette noted the excellency of our program.

That we have all enjoyed our sophomore year, in Room 1, is evident by the number of us that have stayed after school.

Class of 1921

President .....Charles Roberts
Vice-President .....Mabel Dawson
Secretary .....Candace Gavagan
Treasurer .....Walter Gilbert

One noontime during the month of September we held our first class meeting, the purpose of which was to elect officers to pilot us through the year. As it was our first class meeting, we were inclined to be noisy, but we were finally brought to order by our temporary chairman, Miss Elson. The results of the election are given above.

The purpose of our second meeting was to arrange for a sleighing party. Each of us had his own idea for the day on which it should be held, and we made no secret of it. Nickolson, imagining he was door-tender, and not going by the old saying, "Children should be seen and not heard," expressed his views on the subject quite frequently. We finally decided on a definite night. But alas! it rained before the appointed day, and our dreams of a sleigh-ride melted with the snow. We were very much disappointed, but as the Sophomores kindly allowed us to go with them, we recovered, and helped pay their expenses besides.

We take pride in knowing that several of our members have afforded entertainment for the school on Friday mornings, when essays on the pictures in the Assembly Hall were given. We feel that we started the Friday morning entertainments which have since followed.

Realizing the dramatic ability of our classmates we decided to give the court scene from "The Merchant of Venice," as our Friday morning share. We hesitated a bit at first, for fear we would put some of the leading theatres out of business. After due consideration the young actors were picked out and coached for the event by Miss Elson. We feel quite proud of the fact that our entertainment showed more care in preparation than that of any other class, and the upper classes proved by their continued applause that it was appreciated.

Along the athletic line we supplied Khoury for the football team, and our president and Kennedy are making desperate attempts to rival Red Sox players at baseball.

Slams? Yes—we have received many, but we believe that we have made our presence felt here in school and, although we are rather quiet in manner, we hope to be characterized as a class that does things well.

The Junior Red Cross, 1917

Early in October, 1917, the girls of Needham High were called together in the assembly hall for the purpose of organizing a branch of the Red Cross in the school. Miss Karnan spoke of the necessity of Red Cross work, and urged us to form a branch.

The first meeting was held on October 16, and officers were elected. The results were:

President .....Mildred MacCormack
Vice-President .....Katherine Hughes
Treasurer .....Dorothy Butler
Secretary .....Mabel Dawson

The following executive committee was chosen: Isabelle Billings, Mabel Richardson, Orlo MacCormack, Dorothy Mercer.

Nurses' mitts, scrapbooks, crutch pads, comfort pillows, and knit blanket squares were the first things that the girls made. The completed work has been taken into the Boston Red Cross Headquarters at the end of each month. Later the girls wished to make surgical dressings and through the kind help of Mrs. F. L. W. Richardson, dressings were secured from the Needham Special Aid Association and the work started. (The first blanket was completed December 4, and for a while it was on exhibition in "The Crest.")

On December 10, a collection of yarn, cloth, newspapers, and magazines was made by some of the boys of the school. The sale of the newspapers brought in a large sum of money, and the magazines, yarn and cloth were used to help carry on the work.

An entertainment and dance was held on January 14, 1918. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson G. Howard, Mrs. Whitney, and Mr. Bion C. Merry acted as chaperones. There was music by the High School Orchestra, and a short entertainment followed. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games and

dancing. The proceeds amounted to $25.44.

At the meeting on February 8, it was voted to become a Junior Red Cross. This necessitated a change in officers as it was necessary to have a chairman, who was a teacher in the school, a sub-chairman, treasurer, and secretary. The following were chosen:

Chairman .....Miss Gertrude Karnan
Sub-chairman.....Mildred MacCormack
Treasurer .....Dorothy Butler
Secretary .....Mabel Dawson

Sunshine bags were given out to the different members of the school on the first of April. A penny was put in each bag every day the sun shone, and the bags collected at the end of the month. Much competition resuted from this as the classes that received one hundred per cent. membership obtained their numerals on the Red Cross flag. Two classes, 1918 and 1921, were successful.

At the meeting on March 19, it was voted to send five dollars to help the Needham Surgical Dressings Class.

Forty-two dollars was donated to the Junior Red Cross by the Sikoapitk Camp Fire. A note of thanks was sent to them for their kind help.

On April 2 it was voted to send fifteen dollars to the Red Cross Headquarters to purchase Refugee Capes.

Belgian layettes have been started recently and a number are now being made.

Late in April Miss Karnan was obliged to resign as chairman, and Miss Merrill was chosen to fill her place.

Since October the work has progressed very rapidly. The following things have been sent in to the Boston Headquarters since October:

Crutch pads	224
Nurses' mitts	17
Comfort pillows	87
Scrap books	20
Puzzle	1
Afghans	4
Story books	7
Postcard folders	23

The Orchestra

The High School this year has had the honor of having an orchestra, which was impossible last year owing to the condition of the lighting system.

Soon after school opened, Miss Bartlett called together the pupils who played any instruments, and a rehearsal was held. Rehearsals were held every Thursday afternoon thereafter.

When the Athletic Association held their "movie night," the orchestra was requested to play. This started the ball rolling. Since then they have played at many social events, such as the Red Cross Dance, "The Wedding," the Father and Son Banquet, the Parent-Teachers' Meetings, at the Baptist Church, and at "Mr. Bob."

Three new violinists joined the orchestra May 9. They are, Dorothy Norris, Lester Richwagen, and Herman Faust. This brings the number up to ten. The regular members are Katherine Hughes, piano; Mabel Benzie and Ruth Sewell, violins; Charles Perry, cornet; Herbert Martin, flute; Walter Gilbert, saxaphone; George Ferran, drums.

The orchestra and the whole school regret the absence of Miss Bartlett, who contracted pneumonia. Even with this set-back the orchestra is still playing and rehearsing with good courage.

We want a larger orchestra next year. If there are any pupils who are musically inclined, will they please "come forward."

Class Ode

Tune of "Recessional"

We are standing at the gate
Of a new and broader life;
We would be loyal, brave, and true,
"Amount to something" in the strife,
We would be loyal, brave and true,
"Amount to something" in the strife.

As we look back o'er these four years,
We have spent here in work and play,

We would wish them all back again,
Those busy, happy, carefree days.
Yes, we would wish them back again,
Those busy, happy, carefree days.

But let us look forward now with hope,
Let us resolve to do our best,
Let us grow stronger every day,
So we'll not falter in the test,
Let us grow stronger every day,
So we'll not falter in the test.

D. E. N., '18.

Class Biography

ALBERT MORRIS

Date of birth: January 6, 1901.
Place of birth: Nottingham, England.

His life is gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand and say to all the world, "This is a man."

"Mouse" may be little, but, oh my! He is one of the lively, up-and-coming members of our class.



Serving the class as president, writing the class prophecy, editing the Advocate, and taking typewriting third period has kept Albert rather busy this year. We are informed that he gets enough exercise to counterbalance this strenuous activity by taking long walks in a certain prescribed area of the town. He has the honor of coming fourth on the honor roll. After graduation he intends to loan his intellect and keen ability to some business firm.

JAMES HARRY LEWIS

Date of birth: July 16, 1899.
Place of birth: Needham, Mass.

"I am just going to leap into the dark."

To "Shammy" is given the credit for having furnished our somewhat sober class with cause for amusement, on many occasions. He is always right there with helpful suggestions for the teachers. Harry can tell you in just what states of the U. S. and in just what countries of Europe any of the minerals, etc., mentioned in the chemistry book are found. He is entirely at sea, however, as to just where he will be found next year. We hope he finds out before it is too late.



FRANCES GERTRUDE COHOON

Date of birth: December 14, 1899.
Place of birth: Beverly Farms, Mass.

"A mixture of studiousness and jollity."

Frances is one of the clever members of the business division, coming in a close second for fourth place on the honor roll. She has been kept busy this year trying to find out just who was late and who tardy. We owe a vote of thanks to her for giving much of her time to typewriting Advocate material. Frances' attention has been somewhat divided the third period this year. After graduation, she intends to enter business as a stenographer.



ADA MARY MORTON
GERTRUDE ELIZABETH MORTON





Date of birth: May 31, 1900.
Place of birth: Needham Heights, Mass.

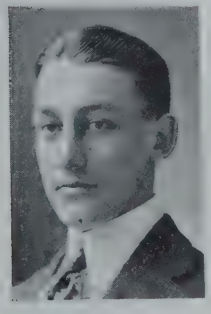
"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Mary and Gertrude are our class twins. All doubts as to which was which were dispelled when Mary appeared one morning with tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles. Mary is a handy person to sit near, if you don't know your lesson. When reciting for herself her voice is sweet and low, but when prompting anyone else her stage whisper pierces the air. She intends to enter Framingham Normal next year. The twins made the first break in their twinly action when Gertrude took the commercial course and Mary the Normal. Gert is the quiet member of the family. She even minds her steps when she walks, in order not to disturb us. For a senior she is very quiet and modest. She intends to become a stenographer after graduation.

CHARLES HENRY SUTTON

Date of birth: January 13, 1900.
Place of birth: Needham, Mass.

"I am monarch of all I survey, my right there's none to dispute."



Charles is the masculine monarch of the commercial division. He has a fine time among all the girls. He is very generous with his candy, and even offers camouflaged gum to the teachers. It has been said of him that "when he works, he works, but when he doesn't ——" He announces that after graduation he is going to work. Glad to hear it, Charles.

LILLIAN VERONICA BRACELAND

Date of birth: March 4, 1901.
Place of birth: Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."



Lill is one of the blond members of the class. She has not yet decided to do her hair up. She has a nice car-ride every morning, but some days she arrives late. Evidently the car leaves a little too early at times for Lill. However, when she does arrive, ceaseless toil is in order, and Lill has become a most skillful operator on one of those legless wonders, a Remington No. 10.

JOSEPH BERNARD SULLIVAN

Date of birth: January 16, 1898.
Place of birth: Needham, Mass.

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."



Joe is our valedictorian. He is one of the quiet members of the class who has nevertheless been doing something. He has spent the greater part of his senior year as humor editor of the Advocate. As Joe has not yet decided what he will do next year, we would suggest that he patent the process of making that beautiful crimson dye, which he concocted one day, during Miss Fairfield's absence. We are sure no German could ever discover the formula.

IDA THEOLINDA HALBERTS

Date of birth: December 14, 1899.
Place of birth: Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Beauty's ensign yet is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheek."



Ida joined us in our freshman year and has grown up with us. She came from Brooklyn High and brought her accent with her. We used to think Ida was shy, but we've changed our minds. Among her accomplishments are blushing and dancing, both of which have been put into active practice lately. Ida intends to enter Framingham Normal next year.

ELIZABETH EASTWOOD

Date of birth: February 10, 1899.
Place of birth: Needham Heights, Mass.

"Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony."



Elizabeth is a member of the commercial division. She has the distinction of being a class of one in a four years' course in Harmony under Miss Bartlett. She confessed in Current Events one morning that she only read the casualties in the paper. We think when we look at her left hand we know the reason why. After graduation she intends to become a stenographer.

MILDRED HELEN McCORMACK

Date of birth: August 3, 1900.

Place of birth: Needham, Mass.

Here comes the lady, oh so light of foot."

"Mim" is another member of the class of 1918. She is one of the jolliest members.



The class owes her a vote of thanks for saving the day for us "Senior Morning" in the assembly hall. Mildred has been the head of our Junior Red Cross this year. She is an ardent "Suff," and wears a yellow tie whenever possible. We are to stretch our imaginations and picture her as a sedate schoolmarm, after she finishes her course at Framingham Normal.

HELEN MURDOCH

Date of birth: March 14, 1899.

Place of birth: Port-Glasgow, Scotland.

"A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted with shifting changes as is false woman's fashion."

"Bly" is one of the very jolly members of the class. She escapes Current Events every morning by taking the attendance for Mr. Merry. Helen was vice-president in '14-'15, '15-'16, and has been secretary of the Athletic Association this year. It is a mystery as to what Helen intends to do in the future.



FREDERICK ARTHUR WHETTON

Date of birth: September 6, 1900.

Place of birth: Needham Heights, Mass.

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

"Wang" is one of the class live wires. He has served the class and the school in many capacities. He was president his sophomore and junior years, and was president of both the Athletic Association and the Student Council. He has been very active in all the school sports, playing football and baseball all four years. He was captain of the baseball team and manager of the football team this year. Whetton intends to enter Dartmouth.



DOROTHY RUTH McINTOSH

Date of birth: June 6, 1899.

Place of birth: Needham, Mass.

"Her smiles along the way dispel the gloom and gray."

Dot is one of the quiet members of the class. She and Ara are sworn eternal friends, in fact, we wonder if they could exist apart. That Dot can smile and do her lessons is all we know. She even leaves it to our imagination as to what she is going to do after graduation. If, as is possible, she has not decided, she may learn something of benefit to herself by listening closely during the graduation exercises.



ARAVESSA MERITTA BLEAKNEY

Date of birth: September 22, 1899.

Place of birth: Canada.

"I am a woman, when I think I must speak."

Ara is one of the lively members of the class. She is fond of an argument and isn't convinced yet just which is the right way to spell "all right." Aravessa reserves the first fifteen minutes each day to the sharpening of her pencils. If nice pencil points have anything to do with good shorthand we know Ara's secret of success. She is preparing to do commercial work after graduation.



FLORENCE ELIZABETH EMERY

Date of birth: January 5, 1900.

Place of birth: Needham Heights, Mass.

"Her very frowns are fairer than the smiles of other maidens."

Flossie is the one artistic member of the class. Her new artistic design covers the front page of the Advocate. Flossie was class secretary '16-'17 and vice-president '17, '18. She has also been vice-president of the Student Council this year. She always brings a newspaper to school with her and is Miss Lord's main support in Current Events. Next year Flossie will enter Framingham Normal.



DOROTHY EDITH NORRIS

Date of birth: September 19, 1900.

Place of birth: Boston, Mass.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Dot joined us our sophomore year, coming from Dorchester High. If she should ever fail to make a recitation it would be a great surprise to us all. She is one of the quiet, industrious members of the class who never loses a minute. She was secretary of the class her sophomore, and vice-president her junior year. After her duties at graduation as salutatorian are over, she will turn her thoughts toward Mt. Holyoke, which she intends to enter next fall.



LESTER EDMUND RICHWAGEN

Date of birth: July 1, 1900.

Place of birth: Needham, Mass.

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare to chide me for loving that old armchair."

Les is one of the tall members of the class. He and Learnard used to have some difficulty in deciding who should have the armchair fourth period. Lester usually arrives on the scene in the middle of the chemistry period. Perhaps it is due to the fact that he has the weighty and responsible position of managing the heavy finances of the class. Lester plans to enter Mass. Agricultural College.



EVERETT FULLER LEARNARD

Date of birth: March 8, 1901.

Place of birth: Dorchester, Mass.

"He studies almost everything from social art to science."

Everett is one of the blond members of the senior class. His motto must be "Variety is the spice of life" for we think he has taken nearly every subject on the school curriculum. His chief occupations are carrying home ten books every night and loaning Miss Lord a dictionary and gazing across the aisle. He has given up a large amount of his time in serving the Advocate as business manager. Next year he expects to be writing long letters from Dartmouth to Framingham, Mass.



HESTER ISABELLE BILLINGS

Date of birth: February 19, 1900.

Place of birth: Needham, Mass.

"Zealous, yet modest. Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms."

Isabelle is one of the quiet, diligent, yet always cheerful members of the class, who well deserves the honor of ranking third. She is the senior member of the executive committee of the Junior Red Cross, and one of the assistant editors of the Advocate. If by any chance she has not prepared her lessons she has the power of receiving inspiration in some mysterious manner from a pencil which she shakes or twirls in her hands. She has information "at her finger tips," as it were. Next fall wiill see her at Boston University where she intends to take one of Professor Perrin's famous courses.





Although published by the Senior class, the ADVOCATE is known as the Needham High School paper. In this issue, we have tried to make that statement literally true. By advertising in every room and by constantly keeping the pupils informed as to what we needed, we have secured material from every class. Not the slowest in sending in material is the Freshman class, to which we are indebted for cartoons, drawings for headings, and also for valuable ideas.

We would not say that this is the best issue of the ADVOCATE yet published, but we are far from apologizing. When one considers that the material for the paper is written and corrected in spare time, and that every Senior boy, with one exception, works after school hours, and that the girls are all devoting part of their time to Red Cross work, one can see that "spare time" is necessarily decidedly scarce. When these circumstances are considered, we offer this ADVOCATE as a paper representative of the school and as the best that the school can offer.

EDITOR.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

When grandpa went to school, so we are told, the classes at the little schoolhouse were presided over by a prim, middle-aged lady whose motto may have been, "Dignity, diligence, and discipline," an exponent of the "Divine Right of Kings.'

Today, the teachers of our schools—of the Needham High School, are looked upon first of all as human beings,—not unapproachable divinities. Questions of all kinds are solved by their aid, time is voluntarily given to the promotion of an intelligent discussion of current events. Our text-books seem as dry as text-books ever were, though our teachers call them works of art, but original methods of presenting the lessons makes the dryest digestible. Believing that walking is a healthful exercise, occasion after occasion is found for us to visit and *use* the library.

Grandpa's school mistress probably went to the pastor's home for supper when school was over but so far as her pupils were concerned she might have been dead. Every member of the faculty of this school has attended the greater part of our class parties and entertainments, and what is more, they have danced, enjoyed themselves and have even been known to laugh at jokes. We all see that by helping each other we help ourselves.

But do we learn as much with such a system? Who leads last year's freshman class at Dartmouth? A graduate of this school. Who is third in scholarship in a large class at Brown? A Needham boy. Has any member

of last year's senior class failed to pass his college examinations? Not one.

And discipline? Not once this year has George Washington been crowned with a derby, not once have Demosthenes' scrolls turned to beer, not once has the school council found need of restrictive legislation.

And this is the school your children attend or will atend. Have you ever entered it during school hours? What do you really know about it? We invite you, we want you to come and see what we are doing. Examine our work, suggest improvements, let us know you are with us.

"Truly," says grandpa, "Those were the good old days;" but these are better. Can we make them, will the people of Needham help us to make them the best?

EDITOR.

Needham High School is blessed in its teachers. All of them are specialists in their particular line of work.

Mr. Merry, our principal, rules us with a firm but friendly hand. It is he who urges us to hurry a little between classes so that we will not be late and therefore hear the teacher say "Ten minutes". Aside from his duties as principal he teaches Mathematics in such a clear and interesting way that it is easy to learn.

Mr Marzynski was our English teacher and his classes were always interesting, although his pet subjects were Secretary's reports and English Literature outlines. But in February he left us for a western land and Miss Lord came. We always enjoy Miss Lord's classes and we learn a great deal, too, especially in word pronunciation.

Miss Merrill, our Latin teacher, has been with us four years. She manages to keep a smiling countenance, even though she teaches a dead language. Nothing daunted by this subject, she also undertook the responsibility of teaching the Senior business division Commercial Law and Economics. Her maxim is: "Just a little more won't hurt you".

Miss Karnan also has been with us for four years. Her ambition seems to be to graduate pupils who can say a French "u" and a German "ich". We think Miss Karnan won her popularity by not assigning home lessons over holidays. She has also been the very efficient head of our Red Cross.

Miss Nickerson seems to be a progressive teacher for in her classes the typical American, the 4th dimension, and the war are all discussed along with the history as well as her pet subject, the condition of the law-courts and jails in America. Her Friday quizzes sum up the week's work and also give us a better mark. We are sorry that she saw fit to leave us.

Miss Fairfield, our science teacher, has been with us but one brief year. Though slight and blond she is fearless, mixing all sorts of compounds, and making poisonous gases which beat even the German type, and performing wonders for the benefit of her awestricken classes. In spite of the fact that we usually associate a bald head, eye glasses, and a beard with this course, Miss Fairfield, although she doesn't look the part, fills it.

Miss Elson is another one of the old standbys whom everyone knows and likes. She manages the Freshmen very well, helping them in their amateur plays, their class meetings, and their sleigh parties, and urging them on to 100% in their Red Cross membership. It is Miss Elson who started the Friday morning lectures on our Art Gallery.

Miss Bernau is the committee of one in charge of our whole business department and she certainly takes the place of a whole committee. Under her guidance speed certificates in typewriting are gained, and her charts also encourage good work. She has that art of making people work without knowing it. We should say that hers is a very business-like business course.

Mrs. Merry seems to be our "jack of all trades". She has been our very able substitute taking any class at a minute's notice. She has taught English, Science, Mathematics, French, German, and History. For the last two months of the year she has taught His-

tory, taking the place of Miss Nickerson. She has also been very active in our High School Red Cross work.

But then, what good would all these teachers be if Mike didn't keep us warm.

D. C. N., '18
H. I. B., '18

It has always been the custom to elect the editor of the ADVOCATE the first part of the Senior year. Usually the honored one, or the victim, as you will, knows nothing whatever about editing a school magazine. As a result, the editor spends a great part of his time in "finding out things", makes a great many mistakes, and does a great deal of useless worrying; all of which may be avoided.

We would suggest that the editor-in-chief and also the business manager of the school paper be elected while in their Junior year and that they serve as assistants to the Senior editor and business manager respectively. By doing this, they would acquire a stock of knowledge which would be invaluable to them the following year, while at the same time, they would be of no small help to the overworked Seniors.

The editors of the ADVOCATE wish to express their thanks to all who have in any way, contributed to the success of this paper. We are especially indebted to Miss Lord, Miss Elson, and Mr. Marzynski for many helpful suggestions and for correcting material; to Miss Bernau, who put other matters aside that the material might be typewritten quickly; and to the members of the commercial division, who so willingly did that important, but dull, work of typewriting the copy.





FOOTBALL

We wish to offer no apologies for a falling off in our athletic standard, since we do not feel that we were entirely unsuccessful. Nor do we blame the Kaiser, he wasn't there. Yet, lest some should unjustly criticize the school, we shall give our reasons, not excuses, why it has been impossible for us to have our usual long, successful season.

To begin with, our number of volunteers did not exceed twenty, and from these but fifteen were in any way fitted for football. Poor Mr. Marzynski was frantic in his search for material. Attempts were made to tease, bribe, kidnap, or draft fellows but all to no purpose. We had to get along with the volunteers and we did. We had enough for a first team, and about three men and our coach for opposition, so our practice was not rigid.

COMMERCE 47, NEEDHAM 0

We began our season on Volkmann Field, Allston, arrayed against formidable rivals for victory. After preliminaries the whistle was blown and the game began with Commerce confident of victory and Needham feeling her weakness and incapability of stopping her opponents. In the second half Whetton replaced Learnard at right end but was immediately knocked down with a chipped hip and Learnard was again put in until the finish. Blades worked like a hero in the role of captain and every play found him in the middle of it. The lineup was as follows: l.e., McDonald, l.t. Latham, l.g. Hunt, c. Booth, r.t. Preskenis, r.e. Learnard, g. b. Murdoch, l.h.b. Kohry, r.h.b. Rooney, f.b. Blades.

ARLINGTON 12, NEEDHAM 0

Needham travelled to Arlington with Booth and Learnard interchanged and the team confident that it would carry off that much loved trophy, victory. But time tells, and either because of the girls playing field-hockey in the next field, or the sun was too bright, or possibly our team was not as good as Arlington's, but the first half ended with the score even, nothing to nothing. In the second half Arlington became lively and worked her two touchdowns evenly between the quarters. Blades did his very darnedest to stop all advance but could not work alone and the opponents learned to try to avoid him. We went home a little less sure of victory than when we came.

NATICK 13, NEEDHAM 0

With the experience of two defeats to her credit, Needham stood opposite the husky and well trained team of Natick for her third game. Needham played her Sunday best but was neatly fooled by Natick's fake pass. This was stopped marvelously by Blades in a flying

and death-dealing tackle which very much resembled the shock of two invincible forces spoken of in Physics. But for all that the victim did not recover and Blades did, Natick won the victory and was heartily cheered by the fellows.

MILTON 6, NEEDHAM 0

With one load of players broken down on the way, the remainder were just beginning the game about an hour late when the unfortunates came walking, tired but merry, to the High School field in Milton. The first half was won by Milton disgustingly easy. But in the second half we braced up only to have our time cut in half on account of darkness, and consequently we lost. While dressing, we had our lineup taken to put in the Milton paper. The bunch made a lark out of this and were cheered up enough to get home at least.

NEEDHAM 27, FRAMINGHAM 0

Our first victory came on Green Field, Needham, with the team as a team confident of victory and determined to get it. Blades gave us our first great hope by getting a touchdown and "Wang" kicked our first goal of the year. Rooney made the sensational play of the day when he ran half the length of the field for a touchdown. The other two touchdowns were made by "Wang" and Blades and our team went home jubilantly content and sure that her other four sins were cleared.

NEEDHAM 9, ALUMNI 6

Thanksgiving morning the field was wrapped in the clean white blanket of our first snow. The snowplough created the first disturbance and forced a path from goal to goal. Then the spectators came and made another disturbance outside the ropes. Next the two teams showed an outline of the disturbance that would come after the whistle blew, by running or rather ploughing down the field. Lastly, came the real and supreme disturbance when "Hank" Godfrey of the Alumni took a drive into the slush and said,—"Hear the waves roar" or something to that effect. Those "waves" ended our football season.

BASEBALL
Schedule N. H. S. 1918

April 9	Newton 14, Needham 4, at Newton
April 19	Wellesley 5, Needham 7, at Wellesley.
April 27	Needham Heights A. C. 5, Needham 14, at Needham.
May 4	Framingham 10, Needham 6, at Framingham.
May 11	Carters 8, Needham 7, at Needham.
May 25	Framingham at Needham.
May 30	Wellesley at Needham.
June 1	Concord at Needham.
June 5	Watertown at Watertown.
June 8	Milton at Milton.
June 12	Arlington at Arlington.
June 17	Wellesley at Needham.

There is one great thing lacking in Needham High School, which can be found in most any other school in the country. What is it? GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

Early last fall a few of the girls got together and talked over the matter of having a basket-ball team. It was learned that Miss Nickerson, our new history teacher, was capable of coaching basket-ball and field hockey. When the question was suggested to her she was very willing to give her time and do all she could to help us out. Miss Nickerson immediately called a meeting of all the girls interested in athletics, the majority of them attending. At this meeting she proposed having basket-ball and volley-ball teams, also a tennis team, Miss Merrill, volunteering to take charge of the latter. To this proposal the girls eagerly agreed and managers for the three teams were elected.

All was going along finely. We were to have a chance to help the school shine in athletics. The basket-ball manager got busy and five games were arranged. The tennis

team did some practising, but because we lacked courts very little was accomplished. A number of the girls bought suits, necessary for basket-ball. But, alas! It was all too good to be true. No place could be found for us to practice basket-ball, even out of doors; no building could be secured for games during the winter season. In fact very little effort was put forth. Finally it was decided that a court be made back of the High School on which all three games could be played. Mr. Merry and a few of the boys started the court, but it was so late in the fall when begun that it was never finished.

What's the matter? More enthusiasm, more spirit on the part of the boys of the school to help us out and then we can look to the people of the town for their support.

Girls need athletics just as much as the boys, but the latter get all there is to get. The girls help to support the Athletic Association; why not let us have some pleasure out of it? Perhaps if the girls had got out and helped dig the court, sifted the sand and rolled it, and no doubt we could have done it, we could at least have had the enjoyment of practicing basket-ball. Why should we do all this work? The boys do a very little for themselves. If they want money for athletics or the like, all they have to do is just mention it and the first thing we know a benefit entertainment is being run or some other step is immediately taken.

But our hopes failed, the games were called off and we settled back into our usual routine of life. Going to school and home again with no happy thoughts of recreation in the open air, except what we take ourselves.

O, yes! We have a fine Red Cross Society, that meets every Tuesday afternoon in the assembly hall, and is doing splendid work. What exercise is there in sitting sewing and knitting all the afternoon? That work is all well and good, and is surely a great help to the men of our country who are fighting for us. But why not some athletics for the girl where she can strengthen her muscles and lungs and put some color in her pale cheeks? You men might save the price of rouge too.

We can win glory for our old school through basket-ball and tennis as well as through football and baseball. Give us a chance and see.

Go to it girls. Get together next fall, see the game through. Start the big drive early, keep at it and let's go "Over the Top."

D. R. M., '18.



A SOPHOMORE'S PET (?)

A wonderful invention
Is that blame Geometry;
We work and think and work,
Yet its sense we cannot see.

'Tis true, it is not what we like,
But to kick we do not dare;
So still they make us prove
That K is Pi r^2.

Pythagoras' great theorem
With him we'd like to bury,
But we soon forget these two
When "Merry" makes us merry.

Our heads are simply full
Of polygons and angles;
Don't fret, you Sophs, we'll soon
Be rid of all these tangles.

E. F. '20.

HEARD IN THE CLASS ROOM

Richwagen, late for school, enters the room as Mr. Marzynski solemnly reads from the Bible:—"Lie not too long in thy bed, else shalt thou be brought to poverty."

Miss Fairfield in Chemistry IV:—"What other kinds of ions have we besides hydrogen ions?"

Bright Senior:—"Flat irons."

Miss Fairfield:—"What is an electric cell?"

Lewis, '18:—"A place where they keep electricity."

Miss M., '18, translating, "er ballte beide Fauste" (he clenched both fists):—"He clenched both feet."

Miss Karnan, assigning German lesson:—"Take from page 76 to page 39."

Mr. Marzynski:—"What is a bachelor of arts?"

Eichler, '19:—"A man who never was married."

Junior translating Virgil:—"And lifeless, the Trojans fled."

Geometry II:—Mr. Merry: "Bailey, how did you get those chords equal?"

"Ambition":—"With the chalk."

Miss Karnan:—"It was in a raging storm, that William Tell took Baumgarten across the lake wasn't it?"

Morris, '18, in an undertone:—"No, in a boat."

Miss Lord:—"Bailey balanced up a bad mistake with a good one."

Miss Lord:—"In this country we have many foreign societies. The French have the Circle Francais. What is the German club?"
Richwagen, knowingly:—"The Rathskeller."

F. E., '18, translating French:—(he stood there facing the crowd) "He stood there making faces at the crowd."

Learnard, '18:—"There was a heavy sea on the lake."

Latin II, Miss Merrill:—"Bailey, translate 'que facibus voda excipere possent.'"
Bailey, '20:—"So that they were able to dodge the Fords."

Miss Bliss, Eng. II B:—"The poor people came to talk to him and the blind to see him."

Miss Lord:—"In order to create interest how should a story begin?"
Whetton:—"Right off the bat."

Miss Lord:—"You've studied Latin, Whetton, haven't you?"
Whetton, truthfully:—"I took it."

French IB, Miss Nickerson:—"Martin, what is the word for "to" in French?"
Martin:—"A-a-a-"
Miss Nickerson:—"Correct."

Senior translating French:—"He covered his hand with his eyes, while Rosa overflowed in tears."

Miss N.:—"Does anyone know of a source book for Colonial History?"
Profound silence, then Bowmar eagerly raised his hand.
Miss N.:—"Yes, Bowmar."
Bowmar:—"Pilgrim's Progress."

Miss Lord:—"What is a cornucopia?"
Blades:—"A hokey."

Miss Lord:—"What is a gin?"
Morris:—"One of those things that goes around."

The train hit a tree and the conductor said that we might get out and view the remains. We got out and saw the tree cross the track.

He died of opium and a disordered mind by his own hand.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Miss Lord—"Did you notice that another state has gone dry?"

Mr. Merry—"Now, next Monday the clocks will be working properly."

Miss Merrill—"Let's we."

Miss Karnan—"Ach, das ist entsetzlich."

Miss Fairfield—"Approved." P. F.

E. Learnard—"By electrolysis."

M. Morton—"Krissmus."

Miss Bartlett—"One-two-three-sing."

"Mike"—"How are yuh?"

HEARD ANY MORNING IN ROOM III BETWEEN 8 AND 8.15

?

What's the news about the war?
Who's elected, where's the Czar?
What's the new state that's gone dry?
Have they captured another spy?

What's the news for to-day?
Who's seen a paper anyway?
What has happened to those Huns?
With their seventy-eight mile guns?

What's the latest on the draft?
Who's read about the shipyard graft?
How many ships were "subbed" this week?
Does the Hun a new peace seek?

What about the suffragettes?
Have they got the franchise yet?
Will they get it in New York?
Or will the legislature balk?

What does the morning paper say?
Of Boston teachers' raise in pay?
Has the Liberty Loan gone over the top?
There's the bell, we've got to stop.

H. I. B., '18.

OBSERVATIONS

Examinations are like thunder storms. They're bound to come, but we're mighty glad when they're over.

If war is what Sherman said it was, then how shall we properly describe four years of Latin?

The man who wrote, "if ignorance is bliss, etc.," must have been thinking of Mr. Merry's course in trigonometry.

Our high school clock resembles a Ford. It goes once in a while.

There is only one thing which we like better than a day off, and that is, a couple of days off.

Room 5 has gone dry. Demosthenes' pail is no longer labelled "beer."

If there's anything that gets our goat, it's to hear people using slang. Now, for the love of Mike, cut it out!

Coronations are unpopular with the seniors. George Washington hasn't been crowned with a derby hat this year.

And let's not forget our old friend (?) (as Miss Lord says), Noah Webster.

Our clocks have been fixed only 14 times this year. Wassamater?

LOST AND FOUND

Lost—Eine kleine Katze, by Fraulein Karnan in Room 6.

Lost—Room 4. An umbrella by a Freshman with a bone head.

Found—Room 5. The smallest Freshie in captivity.

Lost—By the hall clock, fifteen minutes.

Found—Room 3. Sixth period. A place for peaceful slumber.

THE SONG OF THE COAL

They go wild, simply wild over me,
They know I'm as scarce as I can be;
Wherever I am at, all the people small or fat,
The short ones, the tall ones,
All snatch at me like that.
Every night fires bright burn with me.
It's as plain, as plain as it can be,
That everyone would die
With a long and thunderous sigh,
If they had to do without me.

They go wild, simply wild over me.
I protect them from the cold, don't you see?
Every baby, every cat, all the ladies thin and fat,
The men folks, the live stock
They stick to me like sap.
Every night when the fires don't burn bright,
There begins a talk of the "coal fight;"
Then the men all talk and scold
Of a "coalless night and cold"
'Cause they're wild, simply wild over me.

F. S., '19.

THE SCHOOL LADDER

From Freshman unto Sophomore
The studious pupils go,
And resolve to study harder,
Their daily tasks to know.

From Sophomore unto Junior
They follow the hardening strife,
Which makes each one the stronger
To face his later life.

From Junior unto Senior
The students are perplexed,
For with diplomas nearer
The studies are complex.

From Senior to the wide world,—
Then each one must take heart
In this busy life of ours
To try to do his part.

And so we're pushing forward—
With never a pause or sigh,
Striving to be an honor,
To our school, the Needham High.

WAYNE BARNES, '21.

The Freshie stood on the High School stair,
Deep in thought, enwrapt in prayer.
Then he took his Algebra test;
And left unto the Lord the rest.
But the Lord treated him as he did Nero,
And his test came back with a big round zero.
He's still a Freshie it must be noted;
He flunked the test and wasn't promoted.

——— E. S. W., '21.

HEARD AT THE COLLAR COUNTER

Tight fisted gentleman—"How much are collars?"

Clerk, politely—"Two for a quarter."

Aforesaid gentleman, evidently poor at mental arithmetic—"How much is one?"

Clerk, patiently—"Fifteen cents."

Tight fisted one, after meditating a few minutes—"I guess I'll take the other one."

——— C. D., '20.

It was the jolly Nickers(s)on
A Merry lad was he
Who with the miller El(s)son
Went Merrill(y) over the lea.

And they with their friend Bernau
Thru Fairfield went their way
Since by Kar nun could go
As This was the Lord's day.

H. I. B., '18.

Our high school is heatless,
Our desks are all inkless,
Our supplies seem to dwindle away.
Our rooms are all lightless
Our bells are all timeless
And our clocks go slower each day.

M. DAWSON, '21.

HASHMERA DONTGO

(Apologies to Wallace Irwin)

Honorable Sons:

It was about September 1917, that I was present to Hon. Merry, person of much extravagant length.

"You are Freshmen?" he politely require.

"Not so," I renounce, "I respect everybody."

"Yes so, but you are approach this emporium of knowledge for first time, therefore you are Fresh, see? You go Hansum residing No. 4 and get home room. You understand?" he denounce politely.

"Yes sir," and I am gone.

As I walk out, approach one (1) person of florist expression to whom I require, "Where I find, please, this No. 4?"

He not answer but turn to other likewise creature, "Hay, Sir Learnard, this Freshman speach disreprochfully to Senior. What we do?"

"Show him to future home, room No. two (2)," he tell.

"Here boy," renig first creature with expression like Napoleon in disgust, "you go that room near door, see?"

I go.

"You are fresh, not belong in here," say graceful lady near desk.

"Oh," cry several creatures like outside pair, only more ferocious," we take him room 4.

"Then I am onrush like football team and conveyed by two (2) hands and two (2) feet and other things upstairs and deposit speechless in chair, before other madam.

"I will have Hari-Kari or revenge," I scrooch.

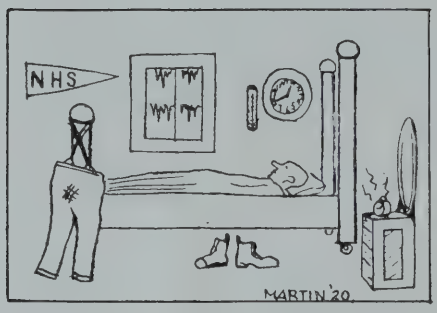
"Not so," reply gentle lady, "You are completely overwhelm. Next year you will be soft more like other creatures and do likewise. Don't worry."

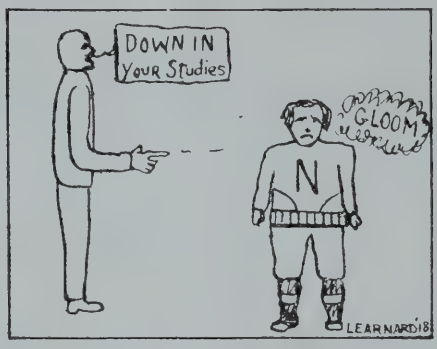
So I not worry more, but brains feel like merry-go-round all same.

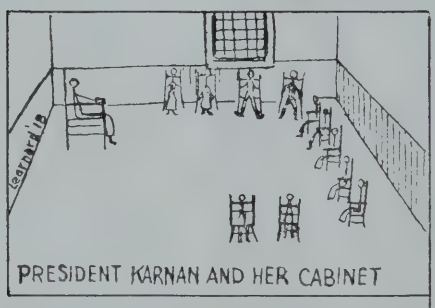
Hoping you are too,

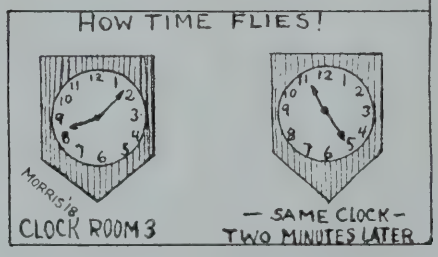
HASHMERA DON'TGO.

Just One More Page

















The Alumni Directory

1915

Anne Campbell	Private School, Boston	Needham, Mass.
Ruth A. Tilton	Mrs. Robert Williams	Needham, Mass.
Madeline M. Fitzgerald	Teacher	Ashland
Reta M. Blades	At home	Needham, Mass.
Ralph H. Chambers	At home	Needham Heights.
June Craft	Stenographer, Boston	Needham, Mass.
Julia F. Crowley	Bookkeeper	Newton Upper Falls.
Margaret Devlin	Babson Statistical Bureau	Needham, Mass.
Florence C. Eldridge	Mrs. Ralph D. Power	Needham Heights.
Florence Falvey	With Wm. Carter Co.	Needham Heights.
Stella Hammersley	With Wm. Carter Co.	Needham Heights.
Lillian Hunt	With Wm. Carter Co.	Needham Heights.
Gertrude H. Jeffords	Bookkeeper	Jamaica Plain.
Agnes Jones	Mrs. Arthur Spicer	Needham Heights.
Ruth C. Libby	Asst. Librarian	Needham, Mass.
Lloyd W. Litchfield	Troop D, 1st Squadron Cavalry	Mass. N. G.
Gertrude E. Maloney	At home	Needham, Mass.
Harold W. McIntosh	Student, Mass. Inst. Tech.	Needham, Mass.
Helen D. McIntosh	At home	Needham, Mass.
May G. Meehan	Student, Burdett College, Boston	Boston, Mass.
Percy H. Quinlan	Commonwealth Pier	
Helen H. Rodgers	Mrs. Guy Conroy	Newport, N. H.
Philip Salmon	Student, Agricultural College	
Amos H. Shepherdson	With Needham Trust Co.	Needham, Mass.
Harold R. Slaney	With Lionne Co.	Needham Heights.
Howard R. Slaney	With Saxony Knitting Mills	Needham Heights.
Charlotte A. Swain	Stenographer, Boston	Needham, Mass.
Francis M. Williams	With The Gamewell	Needham, Mass.
Jessie E. Zirngiebel	Student, Simmons College	Needham, Mass.
May Devlin	Training for Nurse	
Hazel Stanwood	Student, Sargent's	Needham Heights.

1916

H. Lloyd Flewelling	Student, Dartmouth College	Needham, Mass.
Dorothy J. Lyons	Student, Boston University	Needham, Mass.
John Donald	Student, Boston University	Needham, Mass.
Lyndon Small	Student, Dartmouth College	Needham, Mass.
Mary A. Curley	Bookkeeper	Needham, Mass.
Alice K. Gaughan	Stenographer	Needham, Mass.
Ethel J. Gordon	Student, Boston Normal Art	Needham, Mass.
Doris W. Bartlett	Student, Miss Wheelock's School	Needham, Mass.
Margaret L. Childs	With Wm. Carter Co.	Needham Heights.
Carolyn Blackman	Stenographer, Boston	Needham Heights.
Gerald Coon	1st Co, Mass. Coast Artillery	Bugler
Harold Crisp	With Crisp's Market	Needham Heights.
Edward Daley	At home	Newton Upper Falls
Myrtle E. Dolloff	Mrs. Robert Burrows	Needham Heights.
Clarence C. Eldridge	Troop D, 1st Mass. Cavalry	
John D. Freeman	Cavalry, Fort Slocum	New York.
Edward Hoffman	Student, Woods School	New York City.
John Holmes	Student, R. I. State College	Needham, Mass.
Branan Jacobs	Student, Princeton Prep. School	Princeton, N. J.
Ethel Lewis	With Wm. Carter Co.	Needham Heights.

Edward W. Littlefield	U. S. Navy	
Oscar Marchant		New Haven, Conn.
Marion E. Morton	Bookkeeper	Needham Heights.
Kate C. Murdock	With Wm. Carter Co.	Needham, Mass.
Irene Norcross	Student, Sargent's	Needham, Mass.
Russell Page	With F. H. Page Co., Boston	Needham, Mass.
Mildred Powers	With Benj. Moseley Co.	Charles River, Mass.
Lois E. Rodgers	At home	Needham, Mass.
Evelyn Rooney	With "Boston American"	Needham, Mass.
George G. Smith	With Hodgdon Port. House Co.	Needham, Mass.
Carson Stanwood	Purdue University	Illinois.
Clarence Walker	With Newton Trust Co.	Needham Heights.
Helen Whitney	Student, Sargent's	Needham, Mass.
J. Corwin Wright	With Wm. Carter Co.	Needham Heights.

1917

Muriel Kennedy	Stenographer	Washington.
Frederick Howard	Mass. Agricultural College	Needham, Mass.
Marguerita Litchfield	Post Graduate	Needham, Mass.
Frank Godfrey	Army	"Somewhere in France."
Sadie Porter	Normal School	Nova Scotia.
Dorothy Gheling	Framingham Normal	Needham, Mass.
Gertrude Galvin	Stenographer	Needham, Mass.
Stanley Freeman	Mass. Agricultural School	Needham, Mass.
Helen Fox	Boston University	Needham, Mass.
Marguerite Faust	Stenographer	Needham Heights.
Elsa Faust	Clerk	Needham Heights.
Dorothy Engstrom	Stenographer	Needham, Mass.
Genevieve Daley	Bookkeeper	Newton Upper Falls.
Norman Crisp	Dartmouth College	Needham Heights.
Florence Connell	Burdett's Business College	Needham, Mass.
Julia Campbell	Radcliffe College	Cambridge.
Mildred Brockway	Simmons College	Needham Heights.
Carina Campbell	Smith College	Northampton
J. Kenrick Whetton	Dartmouth College	Needham Heights.
Clifford Wye	Army	"Somewhere in France."
Constance Twigg	Simmons College	Needham, Mass.
Gordon Stanley	Dartmouth College	Needham, Mass.
Raymond Snow	Mass. Inst. Tech.	Needham, Mass.
Harold Smith	Brown University	Needham, Mass.
Philip Simon	Boston University	Charles River.
Paul Ryan	Boston College	Needham Heights.
Robert Roper	Carter's	Needham Heights.

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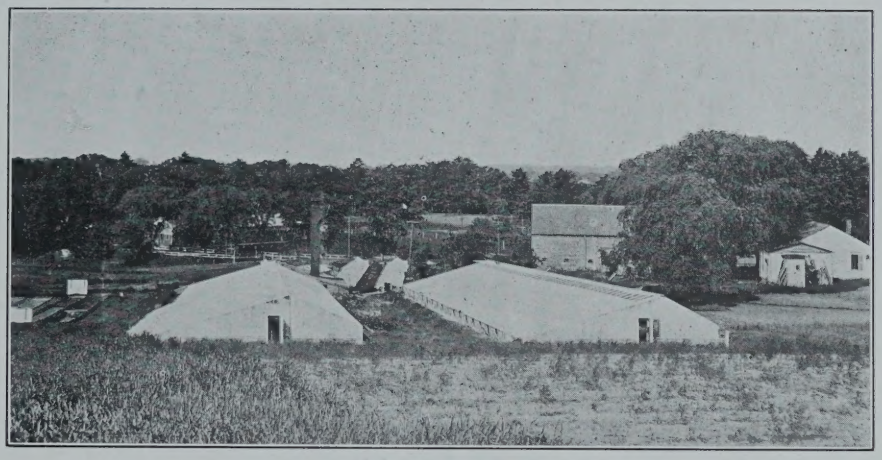
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